# Door Man

## Clipse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(Chorus)
Hey doorman, tell 'em line up the Cris'
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch
You niggas keep wavin' them wrists
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch
Ye ain't got money like this
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch
So scream it If ya ambition fit
I put my money on the roof and crush this bitch
Sing it niggas, lalalalalalalalalala, ye ain't got money like this
Lalalalalalalalalala, paper plates on a brand new six
Lalalalalalalalalala, I just taught my young boys how to mix
Lalalalalalalalalala, ye ain't seen paper like this nigga
(Verse 1)
Every all star, every Cancun, every holiday
South Beach in full bloom, thousand dollar suites
White sheets, white rooms, I got a bright future neck like a full moon
Buy what we want, spend what they want
Young, rich, hot nigga, everything she wants
Triple beams scales got me under deep spells
Kiss my forehead, momma knows I mean well
Cocaine bought me everything I ever had
And I ain't neva been scared, that's been my very last
'Cause I can get it back, watch me get it back
Last 2 o 10 bricks, shit I'm cookin' that
(Chorus)
(Verse 2)
My life's too real to be a PSA
The million in the ceiling is for a rainy day
I cut it, than whip her like she Annie Mae
Praise God, I escaped by his amazin' grace, nah neva was I savin' 'Face
Some family ties aren't possible to break

The almighty judge, only he can save me
Don't cry for us now, just pray for our babies
Mercedes 5, with the open roof, Miami hot rods and the ocean view
The tell tale signs that expose the truth, Lil Willy Rat King this one's for you
(Chorus)
(Verse 3)
We get it in a flash like paparazzi, cars, crib, everything big body
Big charm, hangin' from my big chain
Swing side to side feelin' like I'm T-Pain
Pull up to the crib, bitch think she seein' thangs
Make a hundred stacks blow it like it's pocket change
(Verse 4)
If the good die young, than the greats go to jail
I miss my Tony, hope you snitches burn in Hell
Kiss and tell, with sales on us ballers
All because them two doors comin' with big spoilers
All because them bitches is actin' like they jaw-less(?)
And we don't count money, we weigh it like fish orders
(Chorus)

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